

Whither Wending?

THERE are films and films—their name is legion—but "Outward Bound," the screen version of Sutton Vane's play, is in a class by itself, so enthralling is the conception, so excellent the casting, so moving the situations. It is the story of passengers on a vessel bound for an unknown destination. Apparently normal, typical specimens of the human race, they have looked their last on life, and are proceeding in this phantom ship, which yet resembles an ordinary liner, to render final account. The day of judgment, in fact, in a modern setting. There is the poisonous snob with her hyphenated name, a clergyman who has failed in his ideals, the man of blatant business methods, a London "char" (excellently portrayed by Beryl Mercer), a wise steward, and a dipsomaniac, who even in his cups is the most appealing member of the cast, this part being very beautifully spoken and acted by the talented Leslie Howard. There are two young lovers on board, who are just half-way to the dim borderland separating life from death; two sad souls, who tried to escape from life's bitter slings and arrows by shutting doors and windows of dim London lodging and turning on the gas. In expiation of lack of courage to face fate's unkindness, they are sent back from the brink of death to work out salvation in a world they wished to leave.

The play is excellently presented by admirable artists, the only weakness being in the materialisation of the Great Examiner, before whose judgment bar each saint and sinner appears for final summing up. There is no irreverence, nor anything to offend sensitive susceptibilities, but a sense of disappointment necessarily is present, though it is realised that, in whatever form the Final Judge is presented, short of an impossible perfection, it must fall short. How could this be otherwise?

Good Training.

THE days are past when boys only were trained for occupations and careers, and the girls in middle-class families left more or less uneducated beyond a few superficial accomplishments to improve their matrimonial chances. Parents nowadays realise that every girl should be made into an expert in some definite line, whether cookery, needlework, nursing, secretarial, or other work, and that it is their duty to fit their daughters for the battle of life. There is no need for any girl or well-to-do parents to deprive one less fortunately situated of a job, as honorary posts are to be found for women who want work but have no need to earn their living.

Easy to Make.

IT would be easy for the home dress-maker to make herself one of the very popular little jackets of cotton pique or stripe or checked gingham. These are so smart to wear with dark coloured dresses in the very lightest of lightweight woollens. They also look delightful in broderie anglaise accompanying more formal afternoon gowns of dark coloured crepe de chine. Imagine a little white broderie anglaise jacket worn with a simple black crepe de chine frock.



Home-spun.

THE island of Harris in the Hebrides has long been famous for its hand-woven tweeds which are dyed with roots and mosses on the island and produced in the cottage homes of the islanders. Paris dressmakers have set the seal of their approval on these lovely homespuns, with the result that quite half of their tweed collections are made from the products of Scottish looms. Bluey-greens, grey-greens, sand-brown, bracken tints, orange-red and the deep rich blue reminiscent of the woad plant dye, are all delightful.

B.B.C. Youngsters.

TIME was, not so long ago, when unfledged youth had more than its share of the limelight. Now the pendulum swings and maturity of intellect and experience is receiving due meed of appreciation. Youth will have its day, says a London paper. But what is youth? When, in particular, does it end? An official of the B.B.C. lately told the "Daily Telegraph" that broadcasting gives young people their opportunity in the competition for fame. Examples he cites are very interesting. Gone are the days when a man—and particularly a woman—were too old at

forty. The B.B.C. youngsters include the well-known litterateurs, Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Michael Sadleir, who are both 43, and others of ages ranging from 37 onward.

Women Writers.

MRS. ROSITA FORBES'S exploits capture the imagination, however sluggish. She is so courageous and vital and glad; likewise a decorative adjunct of society when she stays her adventurings to tarry for a short space amid the highly civilised. In her recent book, "Conflict: Angora to Afghanistan," Mrs. Forbes discourses in fascinating style ament world wanderings. She has visited portions of the earth's surface known to but few, and has inherent aptitude for describing with pungency and verve the conditions that surrounded her in her great trek of seven thousand miles, when she visited Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Iraq, and Persia, and apparently saw everybody and everything worth while. Possessed of dramatic vision and faculty for realistic expression, the writer almost convinces her spellbound readers that they too have travelled the same long path of progress.

In Miss Netta Syrett's latest novel, "Strange Marriage," we go back to the

nineties, when the Yellow Book was deemed highly improper, and Jeunesse doree expected to be entirely unspotted from knowledge of the world's ways. A youthful heroine contracts a marriage which is one only in name, and, in the hour of temptation, yielded to dictates of temperament, even as though living in a more sophisticated era. All ends well, however, in this tale of young love in the days of Victoria the Good, and straying wife is forgiven and finds happiness with a husband who has repeated himself of earlier desire to disclaim responsibilities of life and love.

Miss Olive Moore, in "Spleen," has written a book of force, originality, and a certain quality of beauty. It concerns a woman who, after dark experience, rebels against child-bearing. There are charming word-pictures of Italy, and this thoughtful novel will make memorable impression on those to whom it appeals, although, one rather thinks, they will be in the minority.

Hats, and so Forth.

MANY so-called hats are in material like the dress, hand-worked with embroideries and stitchery, and all are worn rather far back on the head, with plenty of hair about the brow, tidily set and held in place by an invisible net. The belt, bag, and shoes may match. The scarf goes with the hat, the flower with the dress, the beads give a strong colour note, and the gloves may be light or dark to match the shoes. Stockings are much more varied than they were. They can match the dress or be light, in tones of beige and flesh colour.

When the Heart is Young.

"IF you can remain a child at heart without being too easily hurt; if you do not prefer a rut to at least an occasional cartwheel; if you have not forgotten how to smile even though you find laughing a little difficult, well—always provided you are not in physical pain or mental fear—you can be among the happiest people alive, whether you are a telephone-operator, croupier, bank clerk, retired soldier, street sweeper, winner of the Calcutta sweep, or merely Mary Ann."—Charles Graves.

Then And Now.

MODERN woman has much for which to thank the sartorial powers-that-be. An English writer says: "Twenty-five years ago practically every woman, in staying for a week-end, brought her maid with her, and if you did not bring her you were not at all popular, for we needed a lot of 'maiding.' There were white frilled petticoats which had to be produced in a state of snowy elegance and without a crease, and more petticoats whose frills were perfect mud traps. Evening gowns were complicated to fasten up, and altogether dressing for dinner was not an affair of a few moments, but a serious rite. When we arrived we wore an elaborate tailor-made coat and skirt—the skirt well busked and boned round the waist—a satin shirt with a high neck, also kept in place with little bones, and black button boots. Shoes were considered rather daring!

Our Cookery Corner

Baked Fruit Compote.

Ingredients—4 apples, 1 orange, 2 bananas, 1 breakfastcupful cake crumbs (or biscuit crumbs would do), 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, a little nutmeg, 1oz butter.

Method—Sieve the crumbs and mix them with the orange rind, grated, spices and sugar. Cut the bananas in slices; peel, core and slice the apples. Grease a fireproof dish with butter and sprinkle in some of the crumbs. Put in the other ingredients in layers, fruit and crumbs alternately, and finish with crumbs.

Strain the orange juice over the top and put on the butter over all, in little pieces. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are soft, and serve with cream.

Turnips au Gratin.

Ingredients—Turnips, salt, pepper, two ounces of flour, one and a half ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, breadcrumbs.

Method—Wash and pare the turnips and steam until tender. Divide into halves and place them in a shallow fireproof dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Next make a good white sauce from the flour, milk, and one ounce of butter. Cook till thick and smooth, then add the grated cheese.

Pour over the turnips, sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs, and put little dabs of butter on the top. Bake in a hot oven until golden brown.

Cauliflower en Casserole.

Ingredients—One medium-sized cauliflower, two ounces of butter, two eggs, a gill of milk, a good seasoning of salt and pepper, and a few grains of cayenne, if liked.

Method—Remove the outside leaves from the cauliflower and wash it well. Put it in boiling water with a little salt, and boil until tender. Drain carefully, and chop it rather finely.

Mix it with the butter, salt, pepper, and eggs well beaten; add the milk. Turn into a casserole and cook until set, and brown in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

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